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Mabel C. Peterson.

The Missile

APRIL, 1914.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

Contents.

A Call of Spring—Poem—Mary McCaleb, '15 1
The Awakening—G. Spooner Dunn, '16 2
The Ascent of Fuji Yama—Sketch—May E. Buchanan, '17 . . . 8
Patricia's Career—M. Frances Drewry, '14 11
Still A'Trying—Poem—Dorothy Mc. Spooner, '16 15
Editorials 17
School Notes 21
Alumni Notes 25
Athletics 27
Exchanges 29
A Few Pointers 31
Advertisements 32

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

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THE CALL OF SPRING.

When the sweet Spring comes with her beautiful flowers,
And the daffodils wave in a row;
When the violets peep from under the leaves,
Spring calls, and I must go.

When the brooks murmur their beautiful song,
And the sap begins to flow,
When the buds burst open wide,
Spring calls, and I must go.

There's a call for us in the smell of the woods,
In the clear song of the brook,
There's happiness for us in the woods,
If we would only look.

MARY MCCALEB, '15.

THE AWAKENING.

ELEANOR RADWORTH raised her eyebrows, shrugged her shoulders, and having hung up the receiver of the telephone at her side, leaned back among the pillows of the couch on which she was seated, and returned to the latest novel, in the midst of which she had been interrupted.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, nibbling at a bonbon from the box at her side, "life is so dull. I guess I'll have to pack up and run down to Florida for a while. There's absolutely nothing to do here."

"Oh, isn't there!" laughed a voice at her elbow.

She started slightly and turned her face toward the window as a man about twenty-three years old, dark-complexioned and fashionably dressed, came across the porch.

"Hello, Bobby," she said, giving him a careless nod.

She arose from the couch, and tossing the book on the table, she seated herself in a low wicker chair by the window.

Magrauder picked up the book, looked at it, and put it back again.

"What's the matter with the game this morning?" he asked, dropping into a chair and glancing out upon the lawn, where a number of girls in middies and men in white flannels were playing tennis.

"Or perhaps the count isn't over this morning," he added teasingly, for he knew how Eleanor detested the Count de Vince, the Russian diplomat who was negotiat-

ing a treaty with the government, and who had paid so much attention to her in the spring.

"Oh, yes," Eleanor answered, "he's out there now with Kitty, but I'm feeling so lazy that I thought I shouldn't play this morning."

Magrauder didn't answer and looked so absorbed that Eleanor rang for two ices, and gazing out of the window, was left for a few moments to her own thoughts. Presently he spoke.

"Eleanor," he said, "I want to ask you a question which I have asked you many times during the preceding years. You have always made light of it, but now I put it to you for the last time, and," he bent over and took her hand, "you *must* answer me."

"Oh, I must, must I?" she asked dreamily, for her thoughts were far away. "What are you doing, Bobby? Are you proposing to me again? Well, I've given you my answer at least a dozen times during the past year."

"Do you mean this, Eleanor?" he asked.

The girl, drawn suddenly back from her land of dreams, tapped her fingers against the glass at her side, and said irritably, "Of course I do."

"But, Eleanor dear," he pleaded, "why do you tell me this when you know how I care for you?"

"Marry you? Are you asking me why I won't marry you?" she asked coolly, placing the glass on the table and gazing at him with a scornful light in her eyes.

"If I am ever married, it will be to a *man*."

"Why, Eleanor, dearest," he said tenderly, "what do you mean?" I have money and social position, and more than those, I give you my love."

"Money! Social position! What do I want with them?"

and her eyes blazed. "Tell me, Bobby Magrauder!" she cried, "Did you ever earn a penny in your life? Did you work to get your social position? No! The men of your class are nothing better than shams. It is bad enough for a woman to lead such a life, but for a man it is shameful. And you dare to call yourself a *man* and ask me to marry you?" and her blazing eyes seemed to pierce Magrauder's soul.

His lips grew white, and he rose.

"Eleanor," he said in a hard voice, "if I have insulted you, I beg your pardon. I know that I am not worthy of you, but I never thought that I was what you have just pictured me. I am going away to-morrow—probably out of the country—and shall see you no more. Good-bye," and bowing stiffly, he left the room.

A sudden fear swept over Eleanor. She had lost him, and she knew it. The girl ran to the door.

"Bobby, Bobby," she called, but he was gone.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When Magrauder left the Radworths', he was filled with passion. He went to his club, and locking himself in his room, walked up and down the floor trying to collect his thoughts. She, the girl whom he loved, had spoken to him like this. What objection should she have to his money, even if he had not earned it himself? His brain was in such a whirl that, seizing his hat and rushing out of the club, he almost ran down the street. How far or on what streets he walked he did not know; but gradually his brain became cleared, and into it was forced the thought that Eleanor was right. This rude awakening was not pleasant; but, as the thought of Eleanor and what

she had said came to him, he realized what she required of a man, and why she had refused him.

Magrauder hurried back to the club. He gave orders to his valet about packing his clothes, and announced his intention of going to California the next day.

"What!" exclaimed a friend when he heard this. "Why, I thought you were an engaged man."

"No—not yet," he answered half smilingly, and passed on. But a terrible fear had gripped his heart. Suppose some other man won her while he was making good? He told himself that he would not consider this, but he could not help it. The next day he wrote a note to Eleanor, tore it up; but, while waiting at the railroad station, he wrote another, which he sent:—

"ELEANOR:

I am going away. I must make of myself what society cannot make of me—a man. But no man, although he were a hundred times worthy of that name, is worthy of you. B. M."

Five days later Magrauder was in California, and two weeks from the day he had left Washington found him working in the lowest department of a rapidly growing iron manufactory. Such drudgery he found it for the first few weeks, but he soon became interested in the work. For two years he *worked*, and always with the thought of Eleanor. Daily she grew to be more and more to him, and never once did he doubt his love for her.

At the end of three years, he was the general manager of the entire foundry, which had grown very fast. He had begun to think of a trip to Washington when he received a letter from a college chum who was now on bu-

siness for the government in Cuba, and whose home was in Havana, urging him to come down on a visit.

Soon after this Magrauder read in the social column of the *Dispatch* that Eleanor, with her parents, had sailed for Europe. He immediately accepted the invitation to Cuba, and a week later found him in Havana. He was much pleased with George McDermott's parents and sister, and they were quite charmed with the young man.

About a week later young McDermott mentioned invitations to a masque ball given by some prominent society people.

"Anything for a change," he said, and so they went. Magrauder was clothed in a red domino and McDermott in a black one.

The night was beautiful. The moonlight and gentle breeze gave one a feeling of some magic spell existing. On entering the walk Magrauder remarked upon the beauty of the house and grounds, and the suitableness of the mansion for such a fete.

They entered the house and found the ball-room crowded with a throng of oddly dressed masqued people. Magrauder danced first with a Grecian goddess and then with a Puritan maid. The room was warm, and the cool air of the summer night refreshing. Magrauder was looking among the many couples on the lawn for his last dancing partner, a little Colonial girl, when he passed by a porch on which he heard voices. He had dropped his cigarette case in a small bed of flowers, and was fumbling for it when he heard the first voice say,

"Mademoiselle, is there no hope?"

"No, no, I can give you no hope, because my heart belongs to another."

At the sound of the latter voice Magrauder seemed to become paralyzed, but only for a moment. He hastened into the house, where he found McDermott, who told him that Miss Radworth was there, Colonel Radworth having postponed his trip abroad indefinitely. Then he hurried to her.

The girl was standing by a pillar of the porch, gazing into the moonlight. When Magrauder reached the door, a fear seized his heart. She had said that her heart belonged to another. Perhaps she was engaged. It might not have been he of whom she was thinking.

"Eleanor," he said, and there was a yearning tendernerness in his voice.

The girl turned.

"You!" she exclaimed, and there was a world of meaning in that one word.

For a fraction of a second they looked at each other, and then Magrauder advanced and held out his hand.

"Bobby," she faltered, "You have changed so much; tell me about yourself."

Then he drew her to a seat at the end of the porch and in a few simple words told her of his work,—what had been his ideal, and to what it had amounted.

"And through all of this you were true always to me, Bobby?"

"Always," he replied.

"Bobby," she whispered, "I am glad, so glad."

"Of what, dearest?" he asked, bending his head to catch her words.

"That it was I who made a man of you."

G. Spooner Dunn, '16.

THE ASCENT OF FUJI YAMA.

ONE of the most interesting experiences I ever had was the ascent of Mount Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan.

At five o'clock one morning my father and two of my brothers, some friends and I, making a party of about ten persons, gathered at a place appointed the day before. Here our horses and guides were waiting impatiently. We must have been a funny sight, for we were dressed in thin summer clothes, with long strips of dark blue cloth wound around our legs as leggins, straw sandals on our feet, and huge straw hats to protect our faces from sunburn.

Our horses walked in single file along the narrow foot-paths between rice and wheat fields for ten or more miles to the foot of the mountain, where we stopped to rest at a small tea-house. Here we each bought a strip of matting about four feet long. These strips are used for keeping off the rays of the sun when it is very hot, and for raincoats when it is raining. We tied them in front and let them hang down from our shoulders.

The mountain, which is 12,365 feet high, is marked off into ten stations, at each of which little huts are built as resting places for the many hundreds of pilgrims who go up every day during the season.

Our horses were able to go as far as the second station; so after a good rest, we started up. Even before we reached the first station, black clouds had begun to gather, and by the time we were half way to the second station, the wind was so high that every minute we thought

our horses would be blown down. When we finally reached the second station, it had turned quite cold, and the rain was coming down so fast that it stung our faces and arms. That station was too small to stop in, and we had to go on. It was an awful climb, out in the cold wind and rain, with absolutely nothing to shelter us. We decided to stop at the fourth hut; but when we got there, it was already full of pilgrims. There was not room enough for all of us; so our friends who did not feel able to go any farther stopped, and we four went on. The next station was even fuller than the one we had just left; so we had to push on through the wind and rain to the sixth hut, which is the largest and strongest of all. It was already dark, and at every step we sank up to our ankles in ashes. By the time we reached it, we were thoroughly tired out and were glad to stop.

As we were getting into the warmer clothes which we had brought as a protection from the extreme cold up the mountain, the wind grew fiercer and fiercer, and that night and nearly all the next day raged the wildest storm there had been for twenty years. All the doors were barred with heavy logs, and only one dim light was left burning. The loose pumice and ashes were blown about, and pelted the low roof of the hut so that we could hardly get any rest at all. We were shut up for more than twenty-four hours, and at last when they dared open the door a crack, the mist was so heavy we could not see three yards ahead of us.

That afternoon at five o'clock we started up again, but it was so late that by the time we reached the eighth hut it was pitch dark, and we had to spend the rest of the night there. Early next morning we started once more

on our way, and this time we got to the top. Then we started on the two-mile walk around the crater. At some places, we had to crawl between tall, ice-covered rocks; in other places, the path was so narrow that a mis-step to the right would have made us fall into the crater, and one to the left would have hurled us over huge cliffs and boulders. Though there are icicles on one side of the mountain, on the other there are crevices from which steam rises. One can dig a small hole in this side, and it is hot enough to boil an egg. As we stood on the top of the mountain and looked down, the view was beautiful. The sun was just rising, and it shone on the white clouds away down below. Far off we could see tiny shining specks. These were the roofs of our houses reflecting the sun's rays.

When we started back, instead of winding about as we did going up, we went straight down. We ran nearly all the way, stopping sometimes for refreshment, and reached the second station about noon. Here our horses were waiting, and we were soon at home again.

Mary E. Buchanan, '17.

PATRICIA'S CAREER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

PATRICIA had proved her worth, and a lonely mother and father at home were glad of their sacrifice. As time passed, she had made more and more progress in spite of numerous discouragements and disappointments. She had succeeded in doing little more than make people love her, before the term was out. This lovableness was the secret of Patricia's success. She had a little way of creeping into people's hearts and nestling there in a place that was made for her. Her pupils became her worshippers, her slaves; and this was how Patricia Browning became the star to guide them out of the wilderness of ignorance. There was, however, another side of her character, which was fast developing. Every one soon became convinced that "she would take nothin' off o' nobody;" all knew that beneath that smiling face and those sweet ways was a purpose that none could change. What Patricia said she meant, and what she decided was final.

It need not be supposed that Patricia was wasting her young life away. This was the life for her. Here was something new every day and a wide field of action in which to exercise all the powers that delighted her most. Society was too formal and conservative for her; she delighted in doing and being the unexpected. Then, too, there was Sandy; if for nothing else, she would have stayed on Sandy's account. Whenever Sandy was wanted, he could be found at the school-house across the way.

He scorned the ridicule of the store loafers and had long since banished from his mind all prejudices against schools and school teachers. They could always be seen together out of work hours; they would sit on the door-step and watch the after-glow as the stars peeped out one by one, and they would talk softly of the great world outside and the wonders it had to unfold. Patricia would often tell Sandy wonderful things that he had grown to long for. Time and Patricia had changed Sandy much. He found that he could learn, and with the discovery came the strongest desire to fathom the depths of wisdom. When people saw the soft gray eyes gazing intently into the depths of the blue, and the intense absorption written on the boyish face as he listened to the low words from the lips of the girl, they said the mountain lad was in love with the city girl. Some laughed and some sighed, but every one agreed that Patricia Browning was not indifferent. But Patricia and Sandy knew; they understood fully. The former saw in the latter a sincerity and intensity that inspired her, and the lad found in the girl the knowledge that he longed for. She was his idol, for she had first shown him the pathway. This was true friendship.

The evening talks would last until darkness came. Then the light in the Bradys' kitchen testified that Patricia was helping Sandy in the struggle and showing him how to overcome the obstacles between ignorance and knowledge. This realization of his dependence soon became a factor in Patricia's life and furthered wonderfully the growth of the woman. One night, more than a year after Sandy and Patricia had first met, the door-step talk lasted longer than usual,—in fact until Mr. Brady had closed the store and taken the kitchen lamp upstairs.

"Sandy," began the low, sweet voice, "I've something to tell you to-night that will delight you more than anything I have ever said."

She was answered only by a gleam of interest in the gray eyes.

"I've never told you, but I've been doing my best to interest my god-mother in you. At last I've succeeded, and to-day I received a letter saying that final arrangements have been made for your education. You will go, won't you, Sandy?"

Sandy was deeply affected, but he soon recovered and told more than half by his face.

"Patty," (she was always Patty to him now), "Patty, you know I cannot say another word!" Silence ensued, but soon the low speaking continued, and Patty and Sandy talked far into the night. Sandy was filled with the greatest joy at his prospects, and Patty, extremely happy in spite of her coming loneliness. This night Sandy knew more of her new inner self than she had ever revealed, and he thought she had changed; but the morrow brought back the old Patty, and Sandy carried away the image of a bright, playful girl, who very, very seldom showed anything of a deeper nature.

CHAPTER V.

Years had passed. All this time Sandy had spent hard at work, feeding his hungry mind and quenching his burning thirst for knowledge. Now, at the age of twenty-one, he had come back to his mountain home for the first time since he had left five years ago. Patricia also had been busy. She had kept steadily at her work, enlightening the mountain people. Her face was one beloved

for miles around, and her name one blessed in every prayer. She had seen Sandy occasionally when she was at her own home for the vacation, and always the same strong friendship had been maintained.

This evening they were again seated on the old door-step, talking as of old; but all changes were for the better. Patricia had changed too. She was still the same outwardly, but experience had wrought a great change within. The playful girl of old showed only in little gleams, as formerly the serious woman came only at intervals. The blue eyes could not meet the gray. As Patricia gazed into the distance, she felt the difference in Sandy and regretted it.

"Patty, why will you go?"

"It is right for me to go, Sandy. Papa needs me more than ever since Mother's death. I shall miss my work very much," and Patricia could not keep the quiver out of her voice.

"And won't you miss me just a little bit? You can never know how I looked forward to next year, thinking we could work together as we used to do." The strong voice was becoming very earnest as the man leaned nearer.

"Oh, yes, I had thought about that too, but I am quite sure you are fully capable of doing it alone. Besides, there is more than one call for me at home. The people down there really need help as badly as ever my mountaineers did."

"But, Patty, no one needs you more than I do. Just give me something to cling to." It had come at last—the inevitable.

"No, Sandy, it is best as it is. I answered the call of Macedonia and came; but now Macedonia has its Mace-

donian, and I must go to my people, who are calling and calling. Should I not answer their cries? Leave things as they are, Sandy. You are the truest friend I have ever had, and but for you I might to-day be a frivolous butterfly. You have changed my whole self and have helped build my character. I shall always think of you as a friend, but nothing more. Accept this, and let's remain as we always have been."

Sandy did not speak for some time. He knew it was useless, for Patricia had decided; and her decisions were final.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Time has proven that Patricia's decision was best. Of course, Sandy thought it was hard at first and spent bitter months in consequence. Patricia also was saddened as she bade her beloved mountains farewell and returned to her father and home.

The passage of years reveals Sandy and Patricia each happily married, but their friendship for each other will always be as of old.

M. Francis Drewry, '14.

THE END.

STILL A'TRYING.

I tried to write some poetry,
I tried to write some prose,
I tried to write a tragedy,
And then I thought I'd close.

I tried to write a poem short,
I tried to write one long,
I tried to write a comedy,
I tried to write a song.

I wrote about a sweet young girl
Who did not have much cash;
I took this to an editor;
He threw it in the trash.

I wrote about an old, old man,
Whose mule got in the mire;
I sent this to the editor;
He threw it in the fire.

I wrote about the little birds,
Which in the trees did twitter
I mailed this to the editor,
He tore it into litter.

I wrote about our Grand High School,
'Twas a long epistle;
But 'twas not counted good enough
Even for *The Missile.*

I tried, and tried, and tried, and tried,
'Twas all that I could do;
I tried, and still am trying, mates,
Are you a'trying too?

So when you read this over, friend,
Oh, if you can, don't laugh.
See how hard I tried for the prize,
Two dollars and a half.

DOROTHY MC, SPOONER, '16.

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ARE the school authorities of this city putting forth their best efforts for the advancement of the public schools? On the spur of the moment and without considering the matter we would doubtless reply in the negative. After a few moments of careful thought there comes

in the wake of this answer the correct one. The school authorities are doing their duty by the pupils. It must be taken into consideration that the school authorities have very meager facilities for furnishing the things which are essential for the advancement and welfare of the pupils. The hands of the school board may be said, and truly said, to be tied by the City Council, as the school board is merely an auxiliary body which recommends what should be done for the betterment of conditions; the power of making appropriations lies wholly with the Council, and in order to advance the interests of the school children the school board must have the co-operation of the Council. It is gratifying to be able to announce that the school board and Council are co-operating with one another, and soon, and very soon, the conditions of the schools will be looked into and suitable buildings erected. However, it is not our intention to censure the Council or the school board. Within the past six years three grammar schools have been erected and the contract for a fourth is now ready. All these are well equipped buildings fitted with every modern convenience. Special credit should be given the board and the Council for erecting these buildings. With the completion of these four schools, the needs of the grammar schools of this city may be said to have been fully met; the city does not need any more grammar schools, and the efforts of the school authorities should be directed towards *the* great need of this city,—a new High School.

It is true that several improvements have been made in the High School lately which are of great benefit, but we want a building that will adequately meet all of our increasing needs and that will compare favorably with the

High Schools of the cities of this State which are no larger than Petersburg. Until such a building is erected, the public school system of this city will be woefully deficient. We are now in a building part of which was erected in 1837 and the remainder some years later. Think of it, a building which has been standing more than seventy-five years. Any one who will look into the conditions which exist in the building which we are now occupying will not hesitate to say that we do need a new High School, and we believe we shall have a new building before many years pass by. The new High School must come, either from pride in our city or from absolute necessity; and if the former does not soon produce a new building, the latter certainly will. Our plea is for a new High School, and it is earnestly hoped that the City Council will investigate the conditions and give us a building of which we can be justly proud, and which we can point to in pride rather than in shame as is now the case.

THE honor system was conceived and executed first by our great University of Virginia. It spread throughout the Southern schools and colleges, and recently it has been accepted and employed by Northern institutions of learning. Let us first see what this sytem is. It is a code of ethics governing the conduct of pupils towards the authorities and their fellow pupils, the violation of which is punishable by the student body, often upon voluntary confession. A violation of the principles laid down in the code means a violation of the spirit of the school upheld by the pupils themselves. The honor system in ingrafted in their lives and work. It is a contagious thing,

spreading over the entire body of the students; consequently a student must always suffer severely if his fellow students find him lacking in the principles for which the system stands.

Now, let us look into the effects of the honor system. It cultivates nobility and strength of character and arouses every high instinct in the heart of a boy or a girl. No feeling is more inspiring than that of a plighted trust. Those who hitherto have often forfeited their honor as a worthless thing realize that nothing is more desirable than honor above reproach. A high moral standard is established and maintained. This spirit in a school steels the boys and girls against the temptations and trials with which they must meet in life. Nothing is more essential to an upright character than honor, and the High School is the place to cultivate this priceless quality. Trust inspires honor, integrity and uprightness; it leads to the attainment of a manhood and a womanhood above the petty weaknesses of humanity. If P. H. S. would send out from her doors men and women true to the higher ideals and the nobler instincts of life, let her uphold honor as the basis of all things true and good.

ONE ON TEACHER.

The teacher was telling the children a long, highly embellished story about Santa Claus, and Willie Jones began giggling with mirth, which finally got beyond his control.

"Willie, what did I whip you for yesterday?" asked the teacher severely.

"Fer lyin'!" promptly answered Willie.

School Notes

We are very glad to be able to announce that Dr. S. C. Mitchell, president of the Medical College of Virginia, has consnted to make the address at our Commencement, which will be held in the Academy of Music Thursday, June 11th. Dr. Mitchell is one of the most charming men as well as one of the most gifted speakers in Virginia, and he has long taken a prominent part in the educational work of our State. We consider ourselves rarely fortunate in having secured his services for that occasion.

. . . . . .

On the evening of March 21, at 8 o'clock, there was held an open meeting of the Literary Societies at the R. E. Lee School for the purpose of selecting the team to represent the P. H. S. in a debate, which was to have been held with the Danville High School. The meeting was presided over by T. F. Heath, Jr., president of the Page Society, and Francis Drewry, Virginia Ridenour, Virginia Kerns and Roslyn Young represented the Daniel Society, while Louise Talbott, Mary McCaleb, Arthur

Elliott and Hovey Sheffield represented the Page Society. All of the competitors made a splendid showing, and their consistent arguments, as well as the ease of their delivery, were commented upon by many. The judges, who were disinterested parties and well qualified to act in this capacity, finally decided in favor of Misses Kerns and Ridenour, though they complimented all the speakers and declared that they had found it quite a difficult matter to make the selection.

Unfortunately, the Danville team found that they could not get here at the time appointed, so the debate with them had to be called off at the last moment.

. . . . . .

Mr. W. (II.B.) is the happy possessor of a very fertile imagination. He recently startled the Eng. class by relating one of his experiences of seeing forty dead men walk out of a room.

. . . . . .

Mr. Dekue, of the Victor Machine Co., entertained the school most pleasantly Wednesday, March 18, when he and his assistant gave us some practical demonstrations of their splendid records on the Victor machine. He showed us how a graphophone can be used to advantage in a school by teaching the tones of music, and when we secure a new High School we hope to make use of one.

. . . . . .

The Rev. Mr. F. W. Moore, of the Second Baptist Church, gave us a very interesting lecture on the Pyramids of Egypt Friday, March 20th. His having visited the old world and seen the landmarks himself, made his talk most impressive.

On Friday, April 3, the school was most agreeably entertained by State Senator P. H. Drewry, who, at the request of Miss Myers, agreed to talk to us about historical research as illustrated by local history. He pointed out to us the advantages and pleasures derived from such work and he declared that by doing it we become better citizens of our city and of our State. We all enjoyed having him with us very much and hope he will visit us again in the near future.

. . . . . .

Miss M., (teaching the Battle of Lake Regillus), asked: "Can any one tell me the meaning of 'From heaven comes down the flame?'"

Miss B. (I.B.)—"A shooting star."

. . . . . .

Miss D.—"Mr. T., what is the meaning of belles lettres?"

Mr. T. (II.B.)—"Love letters."

. . . . . .

In answering a question in *The Ancient Mariner*, Mr. S., of II.A., said: "After the albatross had visited the ship every day, the Ancient Mariner took up his crossbow and shot him on the impulse."

Mr. Jones, not understanding him, asked: "Where did he shoot him?"

Mr. S.—"On the impulse."

. . . . . .

Mr. A. (III.B. Latin)–"I believe I'll ask Miss K. to read."

Miss K. (translating "Est rediculum," etc.) said· "It is absurd."

. . . . . .

Mr. P. (II.A.) upon being asked in English class to

read, "The loving are the daring," read instead, "The loving are the darling." There seems to be quite a number in the High School who agree with his version.

. . . . . .

Miss D.—"How could the English soldiers fight the Scotch with branches of trees?"

Mr. S.—"Switch 'em."

. . . . . .

A pupil of I.B., in writing on the "Disadvantages of Moving Pictures," said, "One of the great disadvantages is that young girls go there and see many things they ought not to know anything about, matrimony for instance."

. . . . . .

Miss K. of II.B. English class, in answering several questions, reversed the order in which they had been asked by Miss D. Mr. T., upon being asked why Miss K. did that, wittily retorted:

"Because the Bible says, 'What is last shall come first, and what is first shall come last.' "

. . . . . .

Miss D.—"What hope is too often profaned?"

Mr. Y. (IV.B.)—"Getting married."

. . . . . .

Wanted—A mind reader to find out what Mr. B. dreams about in I.A. Algebra class.

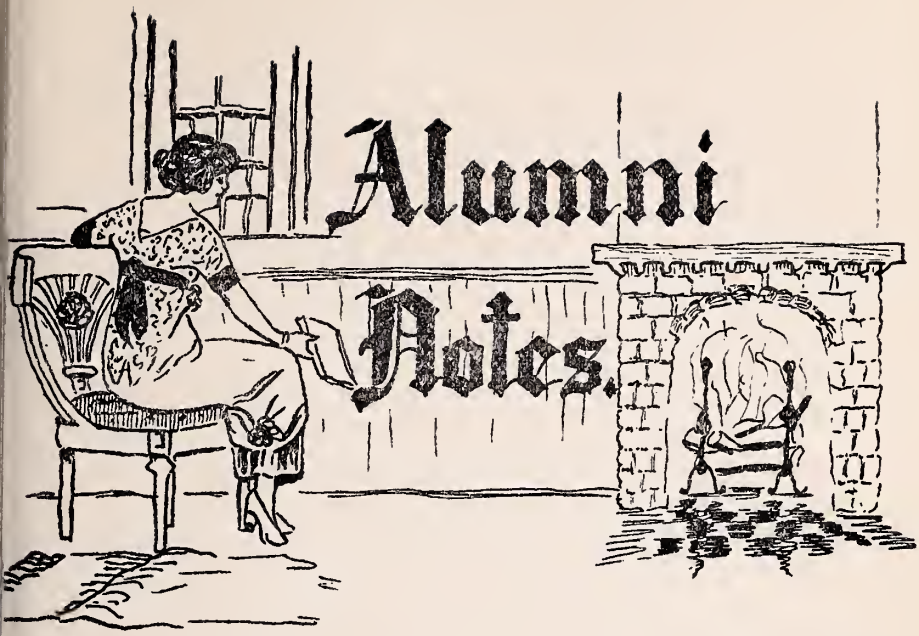
. . . . . .

Mr. H.—"What is the German word for dog?"

Mr. W.—"Sausage."

. . . . . .

The members of IV.B. pride themselves on having such polite boys in the class, for Mr. J. positively refused to interrupt Miss H. while she is reciting poetry; although it means a bad mark for him.



VIRGINIA C. RIDENOUR, – – – *Editor.*

Recently we received letters from the president of the East Radford, State Normal School, and the president of the Randolph Macon Woman's College, stating that Miss Carrie Green of the former college and Miss Cora Rolfe of the latter were doing splendid work and were indeed a credit to our high school.

An addition has been recently made to the alumni list of the P. H, S. We shall briefly speak of the February graduates in this issue of the *Missile.*

Miss Mildred McCaleb has been substituting at the Lee School, and Miss Elizabeth Drewry at the D. M. Brown School.

Both Mr. Chas. M. Gilliam, Jr., and Mr. Potts hold positions with the Virginia Trunk and Bag Co.

Miss Beatrice Coleman and Miss Louise Talbott are taking a post graduate course in Domestic Science.

Miss Clara Jackson is completing a course in Chemistry and also Domestic Science. Miss Jackson served as a substitute at the Lee School for a few days.

Mr. Wallace Bowman is attending Bowman's Commercial School. During Miss Segar's absence Mr. Bowman took charge of the Science Department of the P. H. S.

Miss Alberta Bowman, with whose musical talent the P. H. S. students are well acquainted, is giving lessons on the violin.

Miss Lucia Neaves and Miss Lucile Daniel have not as yet decided upon their future careers.

Miss Irene Gilliam is continuing to hold the position of librarian of the P. H. S.

We wish to extend our best wishes for success in life to the class just leaving us. May each one reflect honor upon his "alma mater."

CRUEL MAY.

May—"He threatened to drown himself if I refused him."

Bess—"What did you say?"

May—"I told him he couldn't use me as a life-preserver."

Athletics

P. H. S. 2; E. H. S. 10.

Our team journeyed to Emporia Saturday, March 28, and, sad to relate, went down in defeat before the diamond knights of the Emporia High School by a score of 10 to 2. Sheffield, who did the twirling for us, pitched a good steady game, but the team failed to hit behind him and to give him the support which is necessary to win games. Briggs, who occupied the center of the diamond for Emporia, was in excellent form and received gilt-edged support. The loss of the game may be attributed to our failure to hit at opportune times, and to the masterful pitching of Briggs and the hitting of the team behind him. Our weakness seems to lie in the hitting department and it is hoped that marked improvement will be made in this line before the next game. Emporia plays a return game here Saturday, April 18, and the wearers of the Red and Black will make a determined effort to wipe out the defeat sustained in the initial game.

P. H. S. 23; C. A. H. S. 1.

The second game of the season was played in Chester Saturday, April 4, and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the "Farmers" by a score of 23 to 1. Chester,

although crippled by the loss of two of their regular players, failed to put up the game which was expected of them, being completely outclassed by our speedy nine. It was indeed gratifying to note the improvement over the game with Emporia the Saturday before. Our boys fielded well and hit like demons. Booth worked in the box for us and was never in danger, being the master of the situation at all times and allowing the Aggies only four scattered hits. Chester used three pitchers, all of whom were hit freely to all parts of the lot. One of the features of this game was the rooting which was done by the supporters of our nine who journeyed to Chester. Manager Heath led the rooting and it may be considered a decided factor in the victory, as it stimulated our boys and made them fight harder.

THE TEAM.

The team which represented us in the last two games is as follows: Sheffield, Booth, Partin, R. Gill, pitchers; Captain Elliott behind the bat, with Walthall substituting; Young, who sustained a broken finger in Emporia, has been shifted from first base and Hall now covers the initial sack; Collier at the keystone position with H. Gill alternating; Roper, short stop; Strailman on the hot corner; Nufer guarding the right garden; Jordan in center; Young in left field, with Jones to call upon in case of need.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 8th, the team of the John Marshall School journeyed over here to play the game which had been postponed from March 21 on account of snow. Just as the first man of their team entered the ball park the rain began to come down in torrents, so again the crossing of bats with our husky rivals from across the James had to be postponed. This was a great disappointment to every one, as the keenest interest had been evinced in the outcome of this game.

Exchange Department.

J. Guy Jones, Editor.

Retina, Toledo, Ohio. Your covers are unusually artistic and tell the story of its contents.

The Oracle, Jacksonville, Florida: Your magazine dedicated to Jacksonville is the best we have heretofore received from you. It is very well illustrated.

The Reveille, Newark, Ohio. Your editorials are very interesting and well written and the pictures of your athletic teams add a great deal to your paper.

The Student, Portsmouth High School: Your magazine is keeping up its good record. The story, "His Nemesis," is an unusually well written and interesting one.

The Blue and the Gray, Roland Park, Maryland: Your cuts add a great deal to your magazine, and your exchange department is very well gotten up. The poem, "March Winds," is worthy of commendation.

We also acknowledge the following: *The X-Ray*, *The Stuyvesant Stag*, *The Blue and White*, *The Quill*, *The Pennant*, *The Sentinel*, *Lemon and Black*, *The Iris*, *The Record*, *The Racquet*, *Mary Balwin Miscellany*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The University of Virginia Magazine* and *The Central High School Bulletin*.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.

The Quill, Marion High School: *The Missile*, Petersburg, Va: Your literary department is one of the best. "When Satan Was Defeated" has an especially good moral, but is not as well written as "Blessed Are They That Expect Nothing."

Retina, Central High School: *The Missile*, Petersburg, Va: Your stories are extraordinarily well written.

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary: *The Missile*, a well arranged paper with a good collection of stories. However, a few illustrations would made it more attractive.

The Monthly Chronicle, E. H. S: *The Missile* would find it to its advantage to go in for quality and less quantity. A good story would be appreciated to a greater extent if it were not for the bad taste left in one's mouth by a loosely written, weak attempt next to it. "Blessed Are They That Expect Nothing" has that delightful quality of holding the reader's interest until the end.

The Record, Staunton, Va: The editorials in *The Missile* are interesting this month, and the subjects are of real interest to all schools. "Blessed Are They That Expect Nothing" is a very clever short story and it has an appropriate title. "The North Wind," a poem of five stanzas, is also worthy of commendation.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany: *The Missile* has a good exchange department. The poem, "The Fate of Dido," is perhaps the best contribution to the issue.

The Racquet: *Missile*, Petersburg, Va: A plump, well arranged magazine, brim full of interesting stories, amusing anecdotes and wide-awake editorials.

A Few Pointers.

A TRIUMPH.

Agnes—"Was Emily's operation a success?"

Gladys—"Glorious! She got fifteen presents, fifty dozen roses, and had two hundred calls of inquiry."

. . . . . .

Billy—"Have you any objections to my marrying your daughter?"

Father—"No, but you know all 1914 models are self-starters."

. . . . . .

Johnny—"I am sorry to have to leave you, teacher."

Teacher—(Feeling highly complimented) "What's the matter? You should not cry over that."

Johnny—"Well, teacher, you know I have just been promoted to the second grade, and I do wish you knew enough to teach that class."

. . . . . .

PROVERBIAL.

"Why is little Willie painting a big T-I-M-E on his kite?"

"He wants to make sure it will fly."

. . . . . .

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

"May I print a kiss upon your lips?"

"Yes, provided you promise not to publish it."

. . . . . .

DOING AS SHE AGREED.

Black—"She said on her wedding day that she would go through everything for him."

White—"Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a ten-spot this morning."

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